

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By
Rupert
Hughes

ILLUSTRATED
From Photographs of
the Play as Produced
By Henry W. Savage

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SYNOPSIS.

Ident. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but week of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter had a lively time with an Englishman and Mrs. Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in mandarin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

When he managed to wrench his skull free, he was ready to murder his tormentor. But as soon as he confronted the dithering and blinking fop, he was helpless. Drunken men have always been treated with great tenderness in America, and when Wellington, seeing Lathrop's white hair, exclaimed with rapture: "Why, hello, Pop! here's Pop!" the most that Lathrop could do was to tear loose those fat, groping hands, slap them like a school teacher, and push the man away.

But that one shove upset Mr. Wellington and sent him toppling down upon the pit of the Englishman's stomach.

For Wedgewood, it was suddenly as if all the air had been removed from the world. He gulped like a fish drowning for lack of water. He was a long while getting breath enough for words, but his first words were wild demands that Mr. Wellington remove himself forthwith.

Wellington accepted the banishment with the sorrowful eyes of a dying deer, and tottered away wagging his fat head and wallowing:

"I'm a broken-hearted man, and nobody gives a—." At this point he came over into Mrs. Lathrop's berth and was welcomed with a savage roar: "What the devil's the matter with you?"

"I'm a broken-hearted man, that's all."

"Oh, is that all," Lathrop snapped, vanishing behind his newspaper. The desperately melancholy seeker for a word of human kindness beamed at the blurred newspaper wall a while, then waded into a new attempt at acquaintance. Laying his hand on Lathrop's knee, he stammered: "Ess-cuzhe me, Mr.—Mr—"

From behind the newspaper came a stinging answer: "Lathrop's my name—if you want to know."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lathrop."

"Lathrop! My name's Wellington. I'm Jimmie Wellington. Ever hear of me?"

He waited with the genial smile of a famous man; the smile froze at Lathrop's curt, "Don't think so."

He tried again: "Ever hear of well-known Chicago belle, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington?"

"Yes, I've heard of her!"

Wellington waved his hand with modest pride. "Well, I'm Jimmie."

"Serves you right."

This jolt was so discourteous that Wellington decided to protest: "Mister Lathrop!"

"Lathrop!"

The name came out with a whip-snap. He tried to echo it, "La-throp!"

"I don't like that Throp. That's a kind of a seasick name, isn't it?" Finding the newspaper still intervening between him and his prey, he calmly tore it down the middle and pushed through it like a moon coming through a cloud. "But a man can't change his name by marrying, can he? That's the worst of it. A woman can. Think of a heartless cobra di capello in woman's form wearing my fair name—and wearing it out. Mr. Lathrop, did you ever put your trust in a false-hearted woman?"

"Never put my trust in anybody."

"Didn't you ever love a woman?"

"No!"

"Well, then, didn't you ever marry a woman?"

"Not one. I've had the measles and the mumps, but I've never had matrimony."

"Oh, lucky man," beamed Wellington. "Hang on to your luck."

"I intend to," said Lathrop. "I was born single and I like it."

"Oh, how I envy you! You see, Mrs. Wellington—she's a queen among women, mind you—a queen among women, but she has the 'stravagance of a—"

Lathrop had endured all he could endure, even from a privileged character like little Jimmie Wellington. He rose to take refuge in the smoking-room. But the very vigor of this departure only served to help Wellington to his feet, for he seized Lathrop's coat and hung on, through the door, down the little corridor, always explaining:

"Mrs. Wellington is a queen among women, mind you, but I can't stand her temper any longer."

He had hardly squeezed into the smoking-room when the porter and an usher almost invisible under the baggage they carried brought in a new passenger. Her first question was: "Oh, porter, did a box of flowers, or candy, or anything, come for me?"

"What name would they be in, miss?"

"Mrs. Wellington—Mrs. James Wellington."

CHAPTER V.

A Queen Among Women. Miss Anne Gattie, seated in Mrs. Jimmie Wellington's seat, had not heard Mr. Jimmie Wellington's sketch of his wife. But she needed hardly more than a glance to satisfy herself that she and Mrs. Jimmie were as hopelessly antipathetic as only two polite women can be.

Mrs. Jimmie was accounted something of a snob in Chicago society, but perhaps the missionary was a trifle the snobbisher of the two when they met.

Miss Gattie could overlook a hundred vices in a Zulu queen more easily than a few in a fellow countrywoman. She did not like Mrs. Jimmie, and she was proud of it.

When the porter said, "I'm afraid you got this lady's seat," Miss Gattie shot one glance at the intruder and rose stiffly. "Then I suppose I'll have to—"

"Oh, please don't go, there's plenty of room," Mrs. Wellington insisted, pressing her to remain. This nettled Miss Gattie still more, but she sank back, while the porter piled up expensive traveling-bags and hat boxes till there was hardly a place to sit. But even at that Mrs. Jimmie felt called on to apologize:

"I haven't brought much luggage. How I'll ever live four days with this, I can't imagine. It will be such a relief to get my trunks at Reno."

"Reno?" echoed Miss Gattie. "Do you live there?"

"Well, theoretically, yes."

"I don't understand you."

"I've got to live there to get it."

"To get it? Oh!" A look of sudden and dreadful realization came over the missionary. Mrs. Wellington interpreted it with a smile of gay defiance: "Do you believe in divorces?"

Anne Gattie stuck to her guns. "I must say I don't. I think a law ought to be passed stopping them."

"So do I," Mrs. Wellington amiably agreed, "and I hope they'll pass just such a law—after I get mine." Then she ventured a little shaft of her own. "You don't believe in divorces, I judge you've never been married."

"Not once!" The spinster drew herself up, but Mrs. Wellington dismissed her with an unexpected bouquet:

"Oh, lucky woman! Don't let any heartless man delude you into taking the fatal step."

Anne Gattie was nothing if not honest. She confessed frankly: "I must say that nobody has made any violent efforts to compel me to. That's why I'm going to China."

"To China!" Mrs. Wellington gasped, hardly believing her ears. "My dear! You don't intend to marry a laundryman?"

"The idea! I'm going as a missionary."

"A missionary? Why leave Chicago?" Mrs. Wellington's eye softened more or less convincingly: "Oh, lovely! How I should dote upon being a missionary. I really think that after I get my divorce I might have a try at it. I had thought of a convent, but being a missionary must be much more exciting." She dismissed the dream with an abrupt shake of the head. "Excuse me, but do you happen to have any matches?"

"Matches! I never carry them!"

"They never have matches in the women's room, and I've used my last one."

Miss Gattie took another reef in her tight lips. "Do you smoke cigarettes?"

Mrs. Wellington's echoed disgust with disgust: "Oh, no, indeed. I loathe them. I have the most dainty little cigars. Did you ever try one?"

Miss Gattie stiffened into one exclamation point: "Cigars! Me!"

Mrs. Jimmie was so well used to being disapproved of that it never disturbed her. She went on as if the face opposite were not alive with horror: "I should think that cigars might be a great consolation to a lady missionary in the long lone hours of—what do missionaries do when they're not missionarying?"

"That depends."

There was something almost spiritual in Mrs. Jimmie's beatific look: "I can't tell you what consolation my cigars have given me in my troubles. Mr. Wellington objected—but then Mr. Wellington objected to nearly everything I did. That's why I am forced to this dreadful step."

"Cigars?"

"Divorces!"

"Well, this will be only my second—my other was such a nuisance. I got that from Jimmie, too. But it didn't take. Then we made up and remarried. Rather odd, having a second honeymoon with one's first husband. But remarriage didn't succeed any better. Jimmie fell off the water-wagon with an awful splash, and he quite misunderstood my purely platonic interest in Sammy Whitcomb, a nice young fellow with a fool of a wife. Did you ever meet Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb—no? Oh, but you are a lucky woman! Indeed you are! Well, when Jimmie got jealous, I just gave him up entirely. I'm running away to Reno. I sent a note to my husband's club, saying that I had gone to Europe, and he needn't try to find me. Poor fellow, he will. He'll hunt the continent high and low for me, but the while I'll be in Nevada. Rather good joke on little Jimmie, eh?"

"Excruciating."

"But now I must go. Now I must go. I've really become quite addicted to them."

"Divorces?"

"Cigars. Do stay here till I come back. I have so much to say to you."

Miss Gattie shook her head in despair. She could understand a dozen heathen dialects better than the speech of so utter a foreigner as her fellow-countrywoman. Mrs. Jimmie hastened away, rather pleased at the shocks she had administered.

In the corridor she administered another thrill—this time to a tall young man—a stranger, as alert for flirtation as a weasel for mischief. He huddled himself and his suitcases into as flat a space as possible, murmuring:

"These corridors are so narrow, aren't they?"

"Aren't they?" said Mrs. Jimmie. "So sorry to trouble you."

"Don't mention it."

She passed on, their glances fencing like playful foils. Then she paused: "Excuse me. Could you lend me a match? They never have matches in the Women's Room."

He succeeded in producing a box after much shifting of burdens, and he was rewarded with a look and a phrase:

"You have saved my life."

He started to repeat his "Don't mention it," but it seemed inappropriate, so he said nothing, and she vanished behind a door. He turned away, saying to himself that it promised to be a pleasant journey. He was halted by another voice—another woman's voice:

"Pardon me, but is this the car for Reno?"

He turned to smile, "I believe so!" Then his eyes widened as he recognized the speaker.

"Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb!"

It promised to be a curious journey.

CHAPTER VI.

A Conspiracy in Satin. The tall man emptied one hand of his suitcase to clasp the hand the newcomer granted him. He held it fast as he exclaimed: "Don't tell me that you are bound for Reno!" She whimpered: "I'm afraid so, Mr. Ashton."

He put down everything to take her other hand, and tuned his voice to condolence: "Why, I thought you and Sam Whitcomb were—"

"Oh, we were until that shameless Mrs. Wellington—"

"Mrs. Wellington? Don't believe I know her."

"I thought everybody had heard of Mrs. Jimmie Wellington."

"Mrs. Jimmie—oh, yes, I've heard of her!"

"What a dance she has led her poor husband!" Mrs. Whitcomb said. "And my poor Sammy fell into her trap, too."

Ashton, zealous comforter, took a wrathful tone: "I always thought your husband was the most unmitigated—"

But Mrs. Whitcomb bridled at once. "How dare you criticize Sammy! He's the nicest boy in the world."

Ashton recovered quickly. "That's what I started to say. Will he contest the divorce?"

"Of course not," she beamed. "The dear fellow would never deny me anything. Sammy offered to get it himself, but I told him he'd better stay in Chicago and stick to business. I shall need such a lot of alimony."

"Too bad he couldn't have come along," Ashton insinuated.

But the irony was wasted, for she

had been great danger from frost, it may be desirable not to order more than this amount and to place a second order where it is plain there is going to a crop. However, the first three sprayings may be given before we know whether or not there will be a crop, and it is so important that they be given at the right time, that sufficient sulphate of copper to give them should always be ordered during the winter.

The price of sulphate of copper will vary from five to eight cents. If the lime can be secured from local dealers, of course it may be purchased as needed. The lime used should be good in quality and of fresh stone. If it is impossible to secure this stone lime, a fair grade of Bordeaux mixture may be made from hydrated lime.

Equipment for mixing Bordeaux mixture in a small way. No. 1, lime slaking box. No. 2, stock solution barrel for lime. No. 3, stock solution barrel for sulphate of copper. No. 4, barrel spray pump. No. 5, bucket for dipping and measuring stock solutions. Two such buckets would be highly desirable.

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BORDEAUX MIXTURE IS MOST POPULAR FUNGICIDE NOW USED

First Essential is to Secure a Sufficient Supply of Lime and Sulphate of Copper to Last Through Second Spraying After Blooms Fall—Harmless to Fruit and Foliage.



Equipment for mixing Bordeaux mixture. No. 1, elevated water supply tank. No. 2, stock solution tank for sulphate of copper. No. 3, stock solution tank for lime. No. 4, tank for diluting lime solution. No. 5, elevated slaking box for lime. No. 6, tank for diluting sulphate of copper solution. No. 7, tank for diluting lime solution. Nos. 3 and 4 each have attached a hose through which the diluted solutions are run together through the strainer into the spray tank. No. 7, a strainer.

(By W. H. CHANDLER, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

Bordeaux mixture is a fungicide made by combining a solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) with a solution of lime. This resulting substance is not soluble in water, but very slowly goes to the bottom of the liquid. It is a flocculent, pasty substance that sticks exceedingly well to the leaves.

The strength of Bordeaux mixture is generally given in terms of 50 gallons. Thus standard Bordeaux mixture 4:4:50 means that there are four pounds of sulphate of copper, four pounds of lime and 50 gallons of water. Bordeaux mixture 2:3:50 means that there are two pounds of sulphate of copper, three pounds of lime in 50 gallons of water.

Bordeaux mixture is one of the oldest and best known and most widely used fungicides. It will control more fungous diseases than any other known fungicides used for spraying. Thus it is effective on Apple Scab, Bitter Rot, Apple Blotch and practically all other fungous diseases which may be controlled by summer spraying. It sticks to the foliage better than any known fungicide, and is probably slightly less expensive than any other fungicide of equal effectiveness.

While Bordeaux mixture is a very effective spray, it is usually fairly harmless to the fruit and foliage. However, there will likely be a slight yellowing and browning of the leaves, due to the injury from the use of Bordeaux mixture. Another more serious injury is observed on the fruit. The apple may be sometimes coated with russet, caused by injury to the skin from Bordeaux mixture. The two sprayings at which this injury is to be observed are those just after the bloom when the apple is still coated with a tender, hairy covering. At this time the skin is very easily injured, and if Bordeaux mixture is used it is used at a strength not greater than two pounds of blue stone and three pounds of lime to fifty gallons of water.

The first essential for making Bordeaux mixture is a supply of lime and sulphate of copper from which it is made. Before the spraying season begins, it is certainly desirable that enough sulphate of copper be purchased to last through the second spraying after the blooms fall. If the orchard is in a section where there



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The sulphate of copper and lime must be brought together in very dilute solutions for the best Bordeaux mixture. The sulphate of copper requires a considerable time to dissolve in water, and considerable time is required for slaking lime. For these reasons it is best to have a mixing plant for making Bordeaux mixture. This mixing plant should consist of a stock solution tank in which enough sulphate of copper may be dissolved to last through one spraying, if not through several. The sulphate of copper is usually dissolved in water at the rate of one pound to the gallon, so it is only necessary to dip from the stock solution tank one gallon in order to get one pound of sulphate of copper. Then there is necessary for the lime an elevated slaking box in which the lime may be slaked and drawn down into a stock solution tank. In this case, also, one pound of lime should be dissolved in a gallon of water. The lime of course should be weighed before this slaking. Two solution tanks, such as is shown in the figure, are also necessary, one for sulphate of copper and the other for lime. In these tanks the substances are diluted before they are run together into a mixing tank or the spray tank. All of these tanks should be on an elevated platform so that the liquid can be run out of them into the spray tank below. Where water pressure is not available an elevated water tank is needed to supply water to these stock solution tanks, or in some cases a good pump run by a gasoline engine may take the place of the elevated water tank. In this case the water would be pumped direct from a pond or well into the stock solution tanks and the dilution tanks. A good strainer is an essential part of the equipment. There are various types of strainers, but probably one like that shown in the figure where the strainer comes together in the center making four slanting surfaces through which the liquid can run is the most desirable type. This allows the sediment to settle down toward the bottom, leaving plenty of straining surface about it.

The process of making Bordeaux mixture with a plant like this would then be as follows: First in making the sulphate of copper stock solution, assuming that the tank holds 100 gallons, the tank should be filled nearly full of water, then 100 pounds of the sulphate of copper should be weighed out and placed in a gunny sack or some other porous material and suspended just in the top of the liquid. If it is poured into the bottom of the barrel it will be some months before it would all be dissolved unless hot water is used. Then assuming that the lime stock solution barrel holds 100 gallons, we should weigh out 100 pounds of good stone lime, slake it in the elevated slaking box and draw it out, usually through a strainer, into the lime stock solution tank and fill the tank up to 100 gallons.

Now suppose it is desired to make 200 gallons of Bordeaux mixture at a strength of 4:4:50. After stirring, 16 gallons of the sulphate of copper stock solution should be dipped into the sulphate of copper dilution tank and this tank filled up to 100 gallons. Then the lime stock solution barrel should be stirred thoroughly and 16 gallon dipped from it into the lime dilution tank. Then the contents of these dilution tanks should be run through a strainer into a separate mixing tank or directly into the spray tank.

If it is desired to make only 100 gallons of the mixture, one-half of these quantities should be used in all cases, or if it is desired to make only 50 gallons of the mixture, one-fourth of these quantities should be used.

Big Egg Center.

Petaluma, California, ships four and one-half million dozen eggs every year.

NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT

Weary Husband Simply Hopeful, Knowing Well That He Couldn't Do Anything Else.

Even the bright sunshine failed to cheer the man in the motor car. He sat all huddled up in his heavy driving coat.

A friend passed. "Hello, Johnson!" he said. "What's up? How long have you been here?"

"Oh, about four hours!" said the motorist, miserably.

"What's the trouble—tire burst?"

The motorist shook his head. "Engine gone wrong? Short of petrol? If so, I can—"

"Thanks, old man. She's running fine, and the tank's full."

"Then what the dickens is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," murmured the motorist. "I'm only waiting for my wife. She's been kissing her sister's new baby ever since ten in the house there. Perhaps she'll be finished presently; then we can go home to dinner. I'm so hungry!"

Poor Father. Mayor Turnbull of Canton was talking about a statement, made all unconsciously by a Titanic officer, that had been a terrible black eye for the Titanic administration.

"This statement," he said, "reminds me of a little Canton boy."

"Tommy, why are you so unkind to your nurse? Why don't you love her?" his mother once asked him.

"Because I don't," the infant terrible replied. "I just hate her! I could pinch her cheeks like papa does!"

Instead of liquid antiseptics, tablets and peroxide, for toilet and medicinal uses, many people prefer Paxtine, which is cheaper and better. At drug-gists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Substantial Part. "Don't you think the bliss of life comes with the rapture of the honeymoon?"

"Maybe, but the real thing comes with the alimony of the harvest moon."

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

It is hard for a man to mind his own business unless he has both a mind and a business.

If testimonials received from those using Garfield Tea are of any value, Garfield Tea does what we claim for it. Enough said.

Trouble never attempts to dodge those who are looking for it.

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles so I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. Atonetime for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take \$1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TEMPLETON, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair.

It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Wentworth

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes and invigorates growth. Prevents falling out. Prevents itching. 50c a bottle. 10c a tin. Sold everywhere.

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